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INTER NOS

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Editorial

The June issue of **Inter Nos** brings with it many thoughts, for the closing of the scholastic year, thoughts of our Seniors who are leaving the Mount to begin a new chapter in their lives. Our prayers accompany them, that God's grace may be with them, and the light of His love be ever their guiding principle in their journey to eternity. The month of the Sacred Heart is rich in blessings and promises for all who honor the Lord Christ in this His own devotion; and who show their love by giving to His picture the veneration He asks for it. For the benefit of those who have forgotten we are inserting the promises.

THE PROMISES OF OUR LORD TO SAINT MARGARET MARY

1. I will give them all the graces necessary in their state of life.
2. I will establish peace in their homes.
3. I will comfort them in all their afflictions.
4. I will be their secure refuge during life, and above all in death.
5. I will bestow abundant blessings upon all their undertakings.
6. Sinners shall find in my Heart, the source and the infinite ocean of mercy.
7. Tepid souls shall become fervent.
8. Fervent souls shall quickly mount to high perfection.
9. I will bless every place in which an image of my Heart shall be exposed and honored.
10. I will give to priests the gift of touching the most hardened hearts.
11. Those who shall promote this devotion shall have their names written in my Heart, never to be effaced.
12. I promise thee in the excessive mercy of my Heart that my all-powerful love will grant to all those who communicate on the First Friday in nine consecutive months the grace of final penitence; they

shall not die in my disgrace nor without receiving their Sacraments. My Divine Heart shall be their safe refuge in this last moment.

In the present issue we have the privilege of again including a prize-winning story, judged a winner by the Southern California Women's Press Club. The story is a charming personality presentation which plucks at the heart strings in sympathy with the bewildered little child of a broken home. We hope that our next issue will present other prize winners.

Since our Alumnae is featuring a news letter, we are discontinuing the page of "Alumnae News" as the items would be repetition of the letter material which each alumna receives through the organization. Among the "Letters from Abroad," as Shirley Burke '54 surmised, we welcome her interesting account of her foreign travel and hope her messages may continue to arrive.

Sister M. Dolorosa

Tender Years

Kathleen Burke

(\$25.00 prize story)

Morning light greyed the large courtroom. The Court called the case "Farrell vs. Farrell." Both counsels rose and stated they were ready to proceed. The Judge turned to the attorney for the plaintiff. The question came in a strong voice, "Do you desire to make an opening statement?"

The lawyer began, "Briefly, your Honor, what we intend to prove is as follows . . ." The ears of justice listened to a squat little man mouth the adjectives that were born, raised and fattened in divorce courts; the eyes of justice measured the new participants in this old game.

They sat at the counsel table directly in front of and below Judge Michael's bench—the two people who had promised to "love, honor, and obey till death do us part." The adjectives grew louder and longer—"inconsiderate, inattentive, intemperate."

The accuser, Susan Farrell, turned sharply without a blonde hair of her sleek cap daring to misbehave. Frosty blue eyes were directed at the one for whom the adjectives tolled. Benjamin Farrell had difficulty in finding something for two nervous hands to do. He searched for a cigarette, found one, put it between his lips, when a heavy frown from the hovering bailiff made it disappear as quickly as it had appeared.

The little man's monotone stopped as he sank into his too small chair.

Next, the judge nodded to the counsel for the defendant. A baldish man stood and answered hurriedly, "We will reserve our opening statement, your Honor, until plaintiff has completed her case."

The strong voice instructed, "Very well. Call your first witness, Sir."

The little man slurred his announcement, "We will call the plaintiff, Mrs. Susan Farrell."

She arose, fully aware that all eyes were upon her. Straight and small steps taken in blue pumps led her to the witness box. She mounted the three steps. After being sworn in she cast a composed smile at the judge. That smile had aided Susan Farrell in winning an outstanding position with an advertising firm. She must use it today. She crossed gloved hands, waited expectantly for her lawyer to begin. The little man then brought forth the date of marriage and separation by asking terse questions. The answering voice was cool. The lawyer slurred the next question, "Are there any children the issue of this marriage?" The cool voice betrayed a small tremor, "One." "Name and age?" "Cynthia Farrell, age seven."

II

The rubber band tangled in stray strands of her braid. Cindy jerked it, wrinkling her face in pain. "Ouch, one, two, three, four . . ." She started the count. Daddy had said to count five and then cuss if you must. A tear fell on her hand, and was brushed off quickly with a woman's precision. Silver scissors snipped at the rubber. It fell to the white rug accompanied by a hunk of amber hair. She brushed the loose hair furiously. Susan had told her long ago that a lady's hair must shine. The beauty parlor polished Susan's twice a week. Cindy stared past the tidy image in the blue-framed mirror. If only she might step into her looking-glass, the way Alice had. Then she would live in a topsy-turvy world. One where grownups smiled at each other, and ladies never screamed "I hate you"—an upside-down land that had no need for judges.

She looked at the tiny clock on her dresser. When the big hand pointed to twelve, and the little hand pointed to eleven, she would be talking to the judge. What did people call judges? She wished she could ask Jamie. The bare branches of his maple trees were silhouetted through organdy curtains. Two uneven braids swung out the window. Twisting her head, Cindy whispered, "Jamie." Pursing her lips she chirped a tweet that would have charmed the most reluctant robin. There was no answer. Jamie was gone. Daddy said that he took his family South to keep their feathers warm. Then he had told her he might go "some place warmer" too. Cindy had asked if some place warmer meant South. "A good idea, Cinderella." And he had smiled his sideways grin.

"Jamie," she called. The crisp air was still. Cindy had told him everything the way some girls talk to their brothers. Once Susan had told her brothers "weren't necessary." Daddy had said, "A luxury, Sue?" She had answered, "Ben, they're not easy on your bank account."

Cindy drew the organdy curtain back. She didn't need a brother. She opened her blue jewel box. A grey feather was placed gingerly aside as she untangled the "happy locket." Engraved on the round gold piece was a clown's face. This morning Cindy did not look at the two pictures inside. She rubbed the surface on her skirt, as if

to remove the wide smile the clown wore. Then small fingers clasped it around her neck. "Mr. Clown, you always smile, even when Susan and Daddy are in court." Then her heart-shaped lips slid up at the corners. "'Cept maybe you smile because they have to always live in my locket—together." Then Cindy laughed and skipped to the window. "Jamie, Jamie—I am going to see the judge today."

III

A figure paused, scanning the black letters on the window. They read "Judge Robert L. Michaels," and in smaller print, "Domestic Relations." The clerk then knocked on the heavy door. Judge Michaels looked up from the paper he had been studying, "Yes, Jim?"

"Your Honor, you were to see Cynthia Farrell at eleven o'clock." The clerk knew it was customary to interview the child involved in such a case out of the presence of the attorneys and of the parties concerned.

"Just show her in when she comes, Jim."

He dreaded these interviews with nail-biting, neurotic children who sobbed out coached lines about "an alcohol-seeking father," or a "company-keeping mother."

A shadow passed the heavy glass. This glass was his key to personalities. For years he had watched his "customers" step up to this door for their conference in chambers. An angry woman might put out an anxious hand to turn the gold knob quickly, while an outraged man would knock heavily. A frightened woman would straighten her hat, while a disillusioned man would pull at his tie. However, the window had a tragic flaw—it gave no insight into what type of child would open his door. That was it, he thought, they seemed suddenly to appear in the room. The judge was never completely prepared for those "of tender years." He glanced again at the paper's title, "Farrell vs. Farrell." Then he pondered the words. "All other things being equal, the custody of children of tender years shall be with the mother," thus read the law.

IV

The clock placed with his wife's picture on the top of his desk told Judge Michaels it was eleven a.m. Suddenly, she was in the room. The judge smiled a non-judicial smile, preparing to tell her to take a chair. Before his thoughts were in words, the small visitor moved lightly to his desk. Grey eyes fringed with gold-tipped lashes stared solemnly into his own. A hand was stretched up waiting to be taken.

The big man cleared his voice and shook the hand gently. He accepted her "How do you do," with surprise. A soft voice said, "I'm Cindy Farrell—your . . . a . . . your . . . a . . ."

"Your Honor, Cindy?" he kindly questioned and informed.

"Yes—your Honor."

She said the two words reverently, then slid up into the chair opposite his desk, lowered her eyes, and murmured, "Thank you."

She had thwarted all his preliminary questions. The ones adults use to put children at ease; the things the paper work already told him

about name and age. He felt uneasy and shifted his big frame in the leather chair. The grey eyes watched him. Then a question came, but not from the judge. "Is the lady in the picture your wife?"

"Yes — —," he answered.

"She's pretty — do you sleep in the same room?"

He cleared his throat again. The soft voice continued, "Susan sleeps upstairs and Daddy sleeps downstairs in the den—now."

He slowly formed a question. "Do you know why, Cindy?"

"Yes," she answered, and her eyes were wide. "People who don't love each other never sleep in the same room. It's too bad, though, because Daddy's legs are way too long for the bed in the den."

"Well," Judge Michaels began, "your father and mother love *you*, you know that, Cindy."

"Yes, I do, your . . . your Honor."

He went on, "Both of them want you."

A smile that matched the clown's on her locket came to the oval face. "Did they tell you that, sir—your Honor?"

"Yes, Cindy"—It was then he noticed there were spots of green in the grey eyes. "It is the court's responsibility to decide what is best for you."

"That means you, doesn't it?" she said.

"Yes. I suppose if you had your way you would want your mother and father to stop fighting so that the family could be happy together again?"

A small fist was wound tightly around the gold locket. She repeated his two last words, "Together again."

A patent leather shoe began to swing back and forth, and even white teeth were biting on her lower lip. "Not after she screamed, your Honor."

The Judge leaned forward. "Who screamed?"

"Susan did. 'I hate you.' That's what she kept yelling. I think she frightened Jamie away early."

"Jamie?" he questioned. The papers had said nothing about Jamie. They contained endless facts about the inadequate salary that an easy-going man offered to an ambitious woman, the details that spell different ideas and interests. The judge imagined Benjamin Farrell lounging in a chair, quietly reading insurance journals, lulled by a background of hi-fi music, while his wife perched on the edge of her chair, longing for the combo music from her favorite dining spot. But Jamie—there had been no mention of a Jamie.

The child clarified with a guarded statement, "He's my very best friend—almost a brother."

The Judge asked, "You have no real brothers or sisters?" He knew the answer but was surprised at her words.

"We don't need them—I guess." She began to swing the other foot. Then added as an afterthought, "You know they're hard on bank accounts."

"Not always, youngster"—he glanced quickly at the picture on his desk. "Will you tell me who this fellow Jamie is?"

"Can it be a secret?" she asked as she raised a finger to her lips.

"Susan says people shouldn't care much for robins."

Wrinkling his forehead, the Judge repeated, "Robins?"

"Yes, he's the smartest, most wonderful robin you ever saw." Her large eyes glistened with pride.

"Oh, I see," said the Judge. The look of pride vanished, and the grey eyes seemed unconvinced. Perhaps Susan had been right.

"Jamie's playmate lives in a world all her own," thought the jurist. He cleared his throat, "Cindy, do you love both your mother and father?"

"Oh yes, I do, I do." Even the pigtails nodded. It amused him to see one was longer than the other. That answer was standard, he thought. It was always that way. The heart of a child is large enough to love them all—the warring tribes eyeing each other across the court room center aisle. The difficulty of the decision ahead deepened the lines in his face. Something of his expression reminded Cindy of her school's picture of Mr. Lincoln.

"Could I tell you something," she asked.

He nodded, but half-listened, as he had trained himself to do when the lawyers were arguing something he had already decided.

"I wish—do you suppose you would give me to Daddy?" she said in a half-whisper.

This was a surprise. "And why do you say that, Cindy?"

"Because—well, you know Daddy has to have some one to take care of him if he goes South, and Susan doesn't need even one child. She always has herself." The grey eyes were confident.

Out of a child's mouth, he mused, comes the summation for the failure of this marriage. Benjamin Farrell, a gentle man, has a great need for affection, understanding and love. Susan Farrell, an intelligent woman, is self-centered and sufficient to herself. Here are two people each unable to sense and supply the needs of the other.

The judge smiled, "I thought little girls needed mothers to fix dresses, button buttons and braid hair?"

"Oh, no sir, ever since I've had these," a small hand gestured toward a braid, "I've fixed them myself. Ladies should. They used to be the same size until this morning, the scissors made a mistake."

The judge's smile broadened. "Well, I imagine the shorter pigtail will soon catch up with the other one."

Cindy laughed and brightened the room. The decision was made. "I think you have it, your father does need you and I'm sure you will take special care of him. And I know, too, you will have love left over to give your mother each time you visit her." This statement was met with a look of warm assurance.

Yes, thought the Judge, and with love to spare for that robin, and all the other little people he knew made her own world. Little Miss Sobersides is a strange combination, he thought. A child who is forced to bear the burdens of her parents, but who has learned to supply her own need for a brother by resorting to a fantasy-land. He rose, "Thank you, Cindy, and I hope an early spring brings Jamie safely back again."

Cindy suddenly smiled and stretched up her hand to say goodbye. So people could care for Jamie after all.

Again the Judge mused—"The custody of children of tender years shall go to the mother—all things being equal."

The pigtails were gone, but bobbed back into the room as Cindy's head peeked around the door. She had forgotten. "Thank you, and pleased to meet you, your Honor." She disappeared, missing his shake of the head and his answer which was really a sigh, "Tender years, yes, but all things equal,—no."

Letters from Abroad

By Sister Rose de Lima and Shirley Burke Paolina

Via Marcantonio Colonna 52
Roma, Italia
February 9, 1956

Dear Mother Rosemary and Sisters,

Now that semester examinations are over, I can devote my attention to some other things. We started our new semester today. We are continuing our moral and fundamental theology, scripture and philosophy. Canon law, spiritual theology and social doctrine of the church were only one semester courses. In their place we are taking this semester church history, archeology, and liturgy.

We began our spring semester under conditions unusual in Rome and in most of California, too. It has been snowing all day. It is a very gentle and light snow fall. As I look out of the window, I can see the trees and shrubs covered with snow. I should not say covered as you can still see some of the green. It is a very soft snow. When we arrived at Regina Mundi this morning, we had a generous sprinkling of snow on our shawls. I was going to use an umbrella but I was told that an umbrella was not used in snow. Actually this is the second snow that we have had this season. When we looked out on Candlemas Day, we saw the trees and shrubs covered with snow. It snowed then for only a couple of hours. This snow should last longer. To those who come from places that have snow by the foot every year this, I am sure, does not look like much but to a Californian, as you know, even a few inches of snow is something to get excited about.

I should tell you about another experience that we had on the feast of the Purification of a different nature than the snow which did seem so appropriate on the feast of Our Lady's Purification. Through the Cardinal's letter to Bishop O'Connor, we received tickets to go to the Vatican Palace for the ceremony of the presentation of the candles to Our Holy Father. The ceremony was held in the Consistorial Hall. To get to this room, we had to go through a great deal of the Vatican Palace. We had to present our tickets at the bronze doors of the palace. We were escorted to the room by a guard dressed

in a maroon-colored uniform. We had to go down long corridors, up two long flights of stairs, across a court and to a room adjoining the Consistorial Hall where we waited to be taken by another guard to the Hall. The room in which we waited, was a large room with a throne at one end. When we arrived there, we thought that the ceremony was going to be held in the first room that we were in. We took places as close as we could get to the throne with the intention of not moving for anyone. We had made up our minds that no one was going to make us move. So often we have been literally elbowed out of good places that we had made up our minds that we would use the good old Italian technique and not move for anyone. When the guard first came to get us we paid no attention to him and stayed where we were. When we saw others moving, we concluded that we had better do the same thing. Finally, we followed the guard to the other room where we were escorted to red plush chairs. If we had come the first time that we were told to, we could have had seats in a row in front of the one in which we were. However, as the room was comparatively small not very many tickets had been issued and since it was early we still had good places in the fifth row. We were close to the throne. We sat on the red plush chairs until the Holy Father entered the room with two Cardinals. He was walking and literally ran up the stairs to the throne which was beautiful in red velvet and gold trimmings. On the back of the chair on which Our Holy Father sat there was a lovely tapestry representing Our Lord giving the keys to St. Peter. The Hall itself is a lovely place with walls covered with red satin damask. There are some lovely paintings in the front of the room. The whole room has an air of elegance combined with simplicity. Everyone stood when the Holy Father entered the room and remained standing the whole time that he was in the room. As we were being escorted to the Consistorial Hall, along the way we saw Swiss Guards in full uniform. I was wishing that I could get lost in the Palace and perhaps wander off to the Pope's apartments. I am sure that I would not have gotten very far.

Each year on the Feast of the Purification of Our Lady these candles are presented to Our Holy Father by the rectors of all the churches in Rome (of which there are many, sometimes within a block of each other), the Superiors General of all the religious communities of men who have a house in Rome and by all the Rectors of the seminaries (of these again there are many representing different countries and communities). There must have been close to a thousand in the procession. They came up two by two. Each one had a candle bearer with him. The Holy Father greeted each one and gave him his ring to kiss. He was as gracious to the last one as he had been to the first one. The first four candles presented were from the four major basilicas in Rome. The candles varied in size and decoration. Some of them were as high as six feet and weighed twenty-five pounds. Others were small Mass candles. Some of them were decorated like Paschal candles. Our Holy Father gives these candles to poor churches in Rome with the exception of one candle

which is hung in his apartments. This candle would join the sixteen other candles that Our Holy Father has received during his Pontificate. The ceremony closed with the giving of the Apostolic blessing.

Preparations are now being made to celebrate in March the seventeenth anniversary of the coronation of Our Holy Father as Pope. His eightieth birthday is going to be celebrated at the same time. The Holy Father's advisers are trying to get him to slow down for the next few weeks so that he will not be too tired for the event. Monsignor Emenegger who has charge of arranging audiences for Americans told me last week that the Holy Father was scheduled to give twelve talks in nine days. These speeches were in two or three different languages. To look at Our Holy Father he seems physically vigorous although he is a little pale. He has the most gracious manner and the most benign smile. We are still hoping that one day we will have the opportunity of a special audience.

Since I last wrote to you, I have been to Cascia. This is a beautiful little town about fifty miles from Rome high in the mountains close to Norscia. The ride there was beautiful. The mountains were covered with snow and while we were in Cascia it snowed. We visited the Cathedral there. It is a rather new Cathedral. It has some lovely mosaics of modern appearance and some frescoes which are rather bright. Off the main part of the Cathedral there is a chapel in which the body of St. Rita is. Her body is in a glass coffin. Although she has been dead for almost five hundred years, her body is still in perfect condition although it has never been embalmed or treated in any way. Some devoted client has put on her head a golden crown and at the end of the sleeves of her habit there is gold fringe which I am sure that she never had worn on her habit during her life time. The people of Cascia have great devotion to St. Rita. Each town of Italy of any size and sometimes of very little size seems to have some saint who was born there or who had lived there or sometimes both, to whom they are especially devoted. In fact, it seems that the whole life of the town and the adjoining area centers around devotion to the saint. I should say, too, that you usually find stores in which some rather hideous religious gadgets with the saint's picture or some inscription in honor of the saint are sold. The Italians seem to have mastered the technique of having saints canonized. In these pilgrimages that we make from time to time, and our trips are usually in the nature of a pilgrimage, you may be sure that I do not forget to recommend the intentions of the Mount and of the Sisters there to the intercession of the saint.

I do trust that all of you are keeping well and that in spite of blue books to correct you had a chance to get a little rest at the semester break. I do appreciate the letters that I receive and I am hoping that I will be able to answer each of you some day. In the meantime, please accept my good intentions. Please keep me in your prayers and I will do the same for you. With much love to all, I am

Devotedly in the S. H.
SISTER ROSE DE LIMA

Dear Sister Aline Marie,

It seems almost impossible that the school year is half-finished and that I've been in Europe nearly six months. I've been intending to write to you for some time to tell you about my experiences here. So much has happened that I hardly know where to begin. As you know, I visited the Mount the day before I left, Sept. 17. The next day I took a plane to N. Y. where I spent a few days visiting my aunt. While I was there I managed to see most of the sights, thanks to the good-will of my relatives who took me everywhere. I also saw Lilyan Pereira. We spent a day together discussing the Mount and reminiscing in general. Lilyan took me to the U.N. where we managed to hear the General Assembly debating on the question of admitting Red China.

I sailed Sept. 22 on the Queen Mary. Believe me, it was with some misgivings that I said good-bye to the U.S.A. When I sailed past the Statue of Liberty, I wondered what kind of a life I was going to find in Europe. However, on the boat I soon met other students who were in the same situation as myself. About 25 on Fulbright-grant students were sailing with me. Also, there were 30 Americans going to Munich on the third-year plan. By the end of the 5 days we had all become good friends. The last night aboard we had a program of entertainment in which everyone participated. Since the Queen Mary is an English boat, we met quite a number of English students from Oxford and Cambridge, who were going home. The Americans taught the English how to square-dance, and they retaliated by teaching us English songs.

On September 28, we landed at Cherbourg. I certainly was glad to see land! Our voyage had been rather rough, and at times I wasn't sure if we were going to make it. We took the boat-train to Paris about 2 p.m. and we arrived about 8 that evening. The countryside in Normandy is quite picturesque. The grass and shrubbery are a vivid green, offset by the sloping red roofs of the houses and churches.

When I arrived in Paris, I went directly to the apartment of my pen-pal, Simone. I had been writing to her for six years, and when she learned that I was coming to Europe, she invited me to stay with her in Paris. Since she lived near Orly, a suburb outside of Paris, she arranged for me to stay with her friends in the city. My hosts were Monsieur and Madame du Bouchet and their daughter, Francoise. The latter was the best friend of Simone. Monsieur is a research expert for the Radiodiffusion of Paris and, consequently, life was very interesting with this family. First of all we were living right near Notre Dame in the heart of Paris. I could hear the cathedral bells sounding all day long. Then too, Monsieur and Madame had many Parisian friends who were constantly visiting them. During the week I stayed with the Bouchets and over the weekend I was with Simone and her family in the country.

Paris was everything I imagined it to be. My favorite spots are Sacré-Coeur, Notre Dame and the Louvre. I don't think I'll ever

forget the view from the top of Notre Dame, nor that from Sacré-Coeur. I went to the Louvre nearly every day to see the paintings. Also, I enjoyed very much the Museum of Modern Art. Thanks to the modern art course I had with Sister Ignatia last year, I was able to appreciate what I saw there.

After about two weeks in Paris, I went to Switzerland. When I came to Lausanne, I stayed in the Home de Bon Secours, a home run by nuns for Catholic girls (it's in Avenue de Rumine, near the Theatre Municipale). I stayed at the Home for a week or so until I moved to my present location. I'm living in a pension with a Swiss family near Chailly. There are Monsieur and Madame Voegeli, their daughter, Marilane (she's 25) and Maria, an art student from Finland. Monsieur is an artist in his spare time. The house is full of paintings, statues, etc. Right now Monsieur is painting my portrait. I'm quite flattered because this is the first time I've ever had one done. In March he's having an exhibition here in Lausanne.

Living with this family has been a satisfying and rewarding experience for me. They ask me many questions about America, from politics to what kind of cooking we do. And I, on the other hand, have been learning all about the Swiss.

Near the end of October I went to visit my friends in Munich because my courses had not yet begun at the University. Munich is located in the heart of Bavaria where the people are very Catholic and of a character different from the rest of the Germans. Bavaria had been an independent kingdom for a long time and, consequently, the people retain a certain measure of independence. The first thing that struck me as unusual was the Bavarian costumes. The men wear leather pants and grey jackets with green stripes. Both the men and women wear green hats with feathers on them. During the war Munich had been almost completely destroyed, but now is reconstructed and there are many modern buildings. My friends showed me around the city so that I had a real taste of Bavarian life. Afterwards, we went together to Salzburg, in Austria. This is one of the most European cities I've seen. It retains an old-world atmosphere. There is a large fortress on a mountain above the city which dominates the scene. The Danube flows through the city, making it a charming setting. The influence of Mozart is apparent because there is a square (Platz) dedicated to him. I also saw the house where he lived.

After visiting Salzburg, I went on alone through Austria. I came through the Tyrolian Alps and Innsbruck in Zurich. Needless to say, the Alps were magnificent. I was in the railway station in Innsbruck eating supper one evening (and feeling a little homesick) when 30 American soldiers came in and sat down at a long table. One of them pulled out a guitar and started singing "Gimme that ole mountain music." It was hilarious. All the Austrians started clapping their hands in time to the music, and I thought, "I can't get away from the U.S. even in Europe."

I started school the first week in November. University life is dif-

ferent from ours in many respects, but in other ways it's the same. First of all, the University of Lausanne is co-educational with an enrollment of about 2500. There is a Faculty of Letters, of Law, Political Science, Commerce, Medicine, Theology (Protestant), and a scientific school for engineers, architects and chemists. The university corresponds to our upper division and graduate schools. Most students enter at the age of 20 and finish at 24 or 25. Also, the majority are men. There are very few girls here except in the Faculty of letters. I was quite surprised to find that at least one-third of the enrollment is composed of foreign students. There are about 150 Americans, the majority of whom are studying medicine. There are Germans, Swiss-Germans and Swiss-Italians, Scandinavians, Iranians, Egyptians, Turks, Greeks, Algerians, Tunisians, English and Italians. The milieu is quite international.

I am in the School of Modern French, which is a part of the Faculty of Letters. I'm working for a certificate in French studies or possibly for a diploma for the teaching of modern French. I have to take an exam in March to determine which one I'm qualified for then another final exam in July. My courses are a combination of French language and literature. I'm taking courses in: Balzac, Proust, Voltaire, Molière, history of French literature, étude de textes, (18, 19, 20th centuries), syntaxe, stylistique, composition, rédaction, phonétique, traduction, lecture, and beginning Italian. Altogether I have 23 hours a week. However, the work isn't too heavy. It corresponds to about 16-17 units.

I have mixed feelings in regard to European education. In general the European student has a wide liberal arts background with a classical foundation. But, I don't think the average student here is any more advanced than a graduate of the Mount. The emphasis here is on quality rather than quantity. For example, in my class of Proust we are reading one novel, *Un Amour de Swann*, but let me assure you that we analyze each page, each word, each nuance of each word. The method of explanation is painstakingly exact and analytical. We are not allowed to make statements off the subject nor statements that are in the least measure false. At times this method is wearisome but it trains the student to be precise. Another aspect of the education is the complete liberty of the student. There are no roll-calls and no exams except for one's "licence" (M.A.) or diplôme. We are not obliged to hand in homework or papers. It is assumed that the student is mature enough to work independently. Human nature being what it is, students miss more classes than at home, but since fewer people go to universities here, they are usually conscientious enough to do their work. Also, since there are no "grades," the atmosphere is more relaxed and the system of education is leisurely.

Even though the University is a Protestant one, (in theory, anyway), I have encountered no prejudices against the Catholics. This is probably due to the fact that a good number of the students are Catholic. We have a Groupe Universitaire Catholique which is some-

what like a Newman Club. There are meetings once a week on philosophy. Then there are sessions of theology and social activities. The group has a special house with a chapel and a library at the disposal of the students. This week there is a meeting of the engineering students sponsored by Pax Romana. I might add here that I visited Pax Romana at Fribourg several months ago. I met Bernard Ducret, the editor, and his staff. They discussed the work of Pax Romana with me at some length. They explained their relations with N.F.C.C.S., YCS and the Sodality, but it's too lengthy to discuss here.

Another aspect of university life which is very different from ours is the social side. The whirl of curricular activities such as exists in the U.S. is non-existent here. There are no sororities or fraternities. However, there are "Sociétés" for the fellows. They are traditional organizations which date back to the time of German romanticism. The boys wear Caps or "casquettes" of a particular sort for each society. On certain days they wear their colors draped over their shoulders and swords. They have certain traditions of dueling (not seriously, of course) and ritual. For example, on the day we installed the new recteur or dean, all the societies wore their colors. In the evening there was a torchlight procession. The old recteur was burned in effigy. From time to time each society gives a ball and a prologue or play at the municipal theater. They write the plays themselves. The plays are extremely well done and brilliantly written. Usually the rival societies try to "get into the act," too. At the last presentation two members of another society floated down on the scene on a large balloon.

The association of students here is known as the Association Générale des Etudiants. They sponsor cultural activities, a newspaper, voyages, and sports. This week we went to Bern to see an exhibition of Van Gogh as part of our cultural activities. Then too, there are skiing trips every other week end. During Christmas vacation about 150 students and professors went to St. Moritz to ski. I enjoy the skiing trips immensely because I get acquainted with Swiss life in the villages high up in the Alps.

Last month we had a dinner for the Faculty of Letters. It was a tremendous success because everybody ate "Fondue." As you probably know, this is a cheese dish composed of white wine and gruyère. Everybody dips bread into a pot of the melted cheese. Afterwards the students danced with their professors. I had heard before I came here that the professors were distant from their pupils. That isn't true, at Lausanne anyway.

On Thanksgiving Day the Swiss-American Society gave a party for all the American students at one of the local hotels. Each of us was invited to dinner at the home of one of our professors. I received an invitation from my major professor. I hadn't known him too well before, and I was usually terrified by him in class. However, I found him meek as a lamb at home. Now we're good friends.

I suppose you're wondering how I'm doing with my French. Well,

the first two weeks in Paris I had quite a time trying to understand because the Parisians speak so fast. By the time I got to Switzerland I was used to hearing French. In a short time it became easy for me to converse. My comprehension is about 95%. I have no difficulty at all in understanding at school, but at times it's a bit confusing to talk to the students from Valais, for example, because they speak in a dialect. All in all, I've made tremendous progress in French. When I speak English now, I have to think because I'm afraid it's going to come out in French.

You might be interested to know that the Swiss Catholics are liturgically-minded. At Notre Dame de Valentin the people recite the *Missa Recitata*. The priest reads all the parts of the Mass in French while another priest is saying Mass. Also there are Masses at 5, 6, and 9 p.m. on Sundays and Holy Days.

During Christmas vacation I went to Italy with the girl I live with. We spent a day in Milan. Then we went on to Florence, where we visited the churches and museums. After that we went to Rome for a week. Of all the places I'd been Rome impressed me the most. It was a real thrill to see St. Peter's and the Vatican, particularly the museums. Each church in Rome has so much history connected with it, it's necessary to carry a guide book around all the time. The first day we were there we saw the ruins of the Roman Forum and the Palatine. We climbed up to the top of the Colosseum that evening, but we were hardly able to get down because the steps are crumbling away. Another day we visited the Church of Quo Vadis and the Catacombs. The other days we went from one church to another. I'm convinced that it would take years to see all the churches in Rome because there's one on every corner.

Before we came home we spent a few days in Naples and Capri, with side-trips to Pompeii and Sorrento. The weather was warm down there, and I felt like I was back in California again. Speaking of weather, it's never really cold in Lausanne. It has snowed twice, but the snow melts in a day or two. It's been raining this month, but for the most part, the weather is mild. The view is magnificent now. From my bedroom window I can see the snow on the mountains across the lake.

I could go on and on, but I just want to add that I hope you encourage some of the girls to come to Europe—not just for a tour, but to go to school here. The tuition of the universities is very little; not more than \$50 or \$60 a year, and the living expenses are about one-third less than at home. I am very glad I came because of the friendships I've made with students from all over the world. The value of being in Europe for a year or so is inestimable from a cultural, educational or social viewpoint. Learning how other people live and think is a broadening experience. Also, I think one learns to appreciate America for what it is and to judge its advantages and disadvantages. If there is anyone who is thinking of coming over and who'd like some advice, I'd be glad to help in any way.

My best wishes to you and everyone at the Mount. Also, please

tell your French classes to keep up their courage because it's really worth it.

Sincerely,
SHIRLEY BURKE

P. S. I saw M. et Mme Schwab and their daughter several times. They've been extremely nice to me. They send their regards to you.

P. P. S. Perhaps, Sister Dolorosa would be interested in my letter for Inter Nos. I intended to write only a little, but this has turned into a book.

My address is:
67 Chemin du Levant
Lausanne, Suisse

ODE TO A HOUSEPLANT

By Carol Weldy

*You look so alluring in your dime-store display,
That I must stop to buy you to make my room gay.
The saleslady puts you in a little lidless box;
And says, "Be very careful, do not break off the tops."*

*At home I first transplanted you into a ceramic boot,
And then I sun and water you, awaiting one new shoot.
That one comes and then another pushes through the soil.
And I am very happy with the products of my toil.*

*But one sad day I set you on the window-ledge for air,
And then I packed and left for home, forgetting you
were there.
When I returned and found you, you could not raise
your head;
I then knew with certainty that you, poor thing, were dead.*

Queen of the Universe

By Sister Mary Jean, C.S.J.

"The Lord made me when first He went about His work, at the birth of time before His creation began."

*I am Queen of the Universe
because my Son is King.
I have sipped knowledge at its well-springs,
have seen God's knowledge of Himself
produce the perfect Image in a Word.
I have breathed love at its conception,
have felt the stir of Being
as Creator looks upon the Image that is He,
and Image and Creator, in perfect unity,
Know. And in that knowledge
set awhirl the breath of Love.
I am Temple of the Blessed Trinity
because my Son is God.*

*I am the Universe, created out of nothing.
Sustained, alive, exultant
Only by the presence of Divinity. Only by the Love
that brought me forth
do I possess this day, my Being.
Tremble cosmos, firmament, galaxy!
Tremble in our impotence!*

*I am Queen of the Universe.
Queen? Ah, more than Queen,
little mirrors of my Son's love,
I am the protectress
of your nothingness.
While you were speechless in the eons
of creation,
I smiled and played and sang
in promise, promise,
of your adoration.
Even as I wept
the unborn years'
ingratitude.
I watched eternal truths
wrought into your fibre,
glimpses of infinity
poured into your veins,
hints of God—proportioned,
fixed, rooted, grafted, placed, set, sealed*

*for the mind, the heart, the hands of men
to find, discover, recreate, to recognize
the infinitesimal care
of your preparation.*

*O Universe, before a voice was shaped
I taught winds to sing
through dank Silurian forests
in hymns of adoration.
And waited, waited
for the first bird song
to rise in reparation
for the sullen, songless ages
that would mark man's
deep despair.*

*I am the Universe, and my suns
are startled at the pinioned pain flung
to the outmost boundaries of my being.
The shattering pain of one pebble sphere
blazing a blood spewn wound
upon my breast.
And yet, was I created for this sphere,
shaped was I that earth might
drink my atmosphere and be
brightened by my glowing lamps and cooled
and lulled to sleep beneath
my blue-black wings.
Hush, Earth, still the clamor
rampant in your veins,
and listen to the voice of her,
Our Queen.*

"I was at His side—a master-workman—my delight increasing with each day, as I made play before Him all the while; made play in this world of dust."

*I am Queen of the Universe,
Queen of all the vastness
of the skies, of all the courts of Heaven,
beyond the measured years of unseen stars.
Queen of unnumbered multitudes
whose whispered love
surpasses in simplicity
the sweetest ecstasies of earth-embodied souls.
Queen am I of all your wonders,
tiny, spinning sphere, chosen
from eternity to bear,
within your womb, even
as I shall bear, that*

*which will serve
to cradle Him.*

*I am Queen of Earth
because the Son of God
will be made Man.*

*I am Earth—ashamed
to raise my eyes and see
You clothed in glory by the sun.
Ashamed to see the stars
diademed about your head,
the moon, cupped to hold the imprint
of your feet. Ashamed,
for all my pristine loveliness
hides tarnished in the murky
mists of sin. And the taint of it
has seeped into my pores.
Ashamed, that I,
of all the Universe, alone, have borne
the serpent, the steel, the wood, the thorn.*

*I am Queen of the Universe,
Your Queen, Earth, your crown.
And if your mountains bow their heads
upon the valleys' shoulders
in their shame, all is not lost.
If you with sin have shared the death,
be not dismayed. Did not the Breath
mingle once with your poor dust?
How could that be despised
that in the Second Adam
shall be immortalized?*

*Look up, Earth, look Heavenward,
for love was tempered justice
unto mercy. I am your Queen,
ah, more than Queen,
for you, of all the universe,
have borne upon your bosom,
Man. I am your Queen, O Earth,
because the Son of God
chose to be Son of Man.*

*I am Humanity, blind, broken,
seeking you, but knowing not your name.
waiting for the Woman who will
crush the head of sin.
Waiting for the Virgin who will
bear the Promised Child.*

*Groping Humanity, who but glimpsed
Light to lose it. Warped Humanity
who honored God and stoned
His prophets. Proud Humanity
who learned His laws but
to interpret them for others,
setting up Jehovah according
to the haughty concepts
of Godless man.*

*Humanity Enslaved, Impassioned,
Estranged, Disowned, Lost—
Lost—All but eternally!*

“My delight is to be with the children of man. Listen to me, then, you who are my children. Blessed art those who follow my ways.”

*I am Queen of the Universe
and all these sorrows have I seen
unfolded in the broad, eternal Now.
But your Father has pity on you,
tossing in the chaos of your pride,
in the chaos of your clay and spirit,
of living flame licking hungrily
at burnt out embers,
of winged desire straining
at leaden wills.*

*Not until they blend
as wine and water, as grains of wheat
within your bread—will you be free.
The Truth will make you free,
and I was created to bring you Truth—
that you may know the Way.
I am honored but to point
The Way—to Life—I am Immaculate
but to bear the Life to you.*

*I am the pure spark of God's creative love
enkindled upon earth, that seeing it,
He might be mindful of His Promise—
That loving it, the spark be moved
by uncreated Love—and God—
God might, within its flame,
Speak the Image of Himself
that perfect Image, that in the
Knowledge of Himself becomes
The Word.*

"And the Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us."

*I am your Queen, O Humanity,
because I am the Mother of the Word.
I am Humanity—yet not Humanity,
but a voice, crying in the wilderness,
"Prepare ye the way of the Lord—Make
straight His paths . . ."
I am Anne, Joachim, Zachary, Elizabeth,
I am Joseph, Son of David. I am
the crude Love of waking shepherds
blinking their heavy eyes
at sight of angels.*

*I am the splendor
of Oriental wisdom surpassing
knowledge—building on knowledge—
setting knowledge within a greater
crown—Placing that crown
upon Omnipotence.*

*I am Simeon,
Anna. But I am also Herod. And
I am Roman soldiers, arrogant
and ignorant.
and I am aloof
Egyptians bowed beneath the yoke
of base idolatry.*

*I am Queen of the Universe
because I bear your King.
See, my children—Behold your King!
Some day another will call you to behold Him,
not as I have given Him to you
but as you will have given Him to me,
and in that hour you will watch the Godhead
count Drop by Drop
the price of your redemption. And you will know
there is but one Sign by which to conquer—
One Sign—The Cross—And all the
symbolism of the ages, all the law
and order of the universe,
all the Birth, the Life, the Death,
all the wisdom of the Trinity
shall be spoken by this Sign,
The Cross—The will of God.*

*I whispered it in "Fiat." Spoke it to
servants at the wedding feast in Cana,*

*"Whatsoever He shall say to you, that do ye."
 All His life, He echoed it, "Who is my
 Mother, Father, Brethren? They who do
 the will of Him who sent Me."
 Blessed though the womb may be that
 bore him, yea, more blessed still,
 those who hear the word of God and keep it.*

*I am your Queen, proud Humanity,
 because my life has been
 the living symbol of the Cross,
 and all my days borne
 Fiat's to the Father,
 and all my nights been Gethsemani's
 with Him.
 I am your Queen. Ah, more than Queen—
 Because I uttered one final Fiat
 on Calvary,
 O blest Humanity,
 I am your Mother!*

*I am your children, the mystic
 offspring of your womb. I am the
 Body of Christ today, yesterday,
 tomorrow. Red, brown,
 yellow, black, white,
 knit into one seamless garment,
 born of but one mother—You—*

*I am Christ
 Militant— treading the tangled
 paths of a world-wide Palestine.
 I am Christ, torn and weary,
 who knows betrayal within His
 very members.
 I am a cell that can turn traitor
 even to itself!
 But I can cry out to you,
 Refuge of Sinners, and be lifted up again,
 and take my place within the Mystic Body
 and live on. And I, even I
 can wipe the blood and spittle from Christ suffering,
 pleading for the treasures of His wounds
 to sere away the dross—*

*I am Christ suffering,
 gladly, victoriously, expectantly suffering,
 my arms outstretched
 that others may pray as I may pray no more,
 "Now and at the hour of my death. Amen."*

*I am Christ triumphant
 sharing the Divine Life of God,
 and I may dip into the fountains
 of His merits, may release them,
 flooding, flooding down the gnarled lanes
 of earth. Through You—All this through You,
 Mediatrix of all Grace, because You are
 Our Queen, O Mother!*

*I am Queen of the Universe
 "Behold, all generations shall call me blessed."
 And shall I not use my power
 for the purpose of my being—
 to give you Christ? I am Queen
 of the Universe, and suns, planets,
 galaxies bow in radiant submission
 before my sceptre.*

*Why will only man not harken unto me!
 Have I not sought you out across the continents,
 made roses blossom from the dust in Tepayac?
 Have stars not tumbled from their orbits
 to stud my cloak above Pontmain?
 And clouds not caught my tears
 in La Salette?*

*Have I not, as Moses in the desert,
 struck the rocks to yield a fountain
 at the feet of Bernadette?*

*"My delight is to be with the children of men,"
 and I scarce can bear to leave
 the tangled roads you walk.
 I am Queen of the Universe,
 and shall I not use this power
 for the purpose of my being—
 to bear Christ within the soul
 of each of you—*

*Then hear me, children.
 The likeness of my Son shall
 flow through seven-fold channels
 of His Grace, flow
 in torrents from my own
 pure mountain tarns.
 For they are mine, too,
 those seven channels, because
 five immortal
 rubied springs were His.
 And they are mine, for the blood He had to shed,*

*was it not born of me, His Fountainhead?
I will lead you to these Pools
of Eternal Life.*

*I will lead you
through the thickets
of unbelief and mistrust
and scepticism and materialism.
My way is straight
as a shaft of wood
crowned by a living
Cross-beam.*

*My way is my heritage to you,
my children. A simple gift,
found not in the great
suspensions of universal
law. Not in the wintered rose
or quarried spring.
More treasured still,
the Father's will
and my—thoughts.
So simple that many are deceived
by their sweet simplicity,
as so many make a stumbling-block
of Bread and Wine
and think man too commonplace
to be a Priest!*

*But this is my way,
my gift, the thoughts I pondered
through the breathless years
with Christ
upon your earth.
Take you, my thoughts, and ponder
them in your hearts.
Pray them in that rich
garland of my love,
my rosary—
And Christ will, Himself
re-live them
in your souls
through me.*

"Who finds me, finds life, shall have salvation from the Lord."

*And in the timeless, spaceless
Now of all eternity, until the last Ave
shall have been prayed,
I shall pray,
O God, through the merits of thy Son,
these children whom I have borne Thee,
in Thy Love and Truth immerse.
Fulfill Thy justice in each One.
Hear, O Father, Who didst Thyself acclaim me
Queen of Thy Universe!*

Comments on Gulliver's Travels

By Ursula Kehoe

A question proposed by many of Swift's biographers, and answered in accordance with their own tastes and prejudices, is that of the purpose of the *Travels*. Hazlitt thinks they were written to tear the mask of imposture off the world. He states that "Swift takes a view of human nature such as might be taken by a Higher Being."¹ A most interesting comment was made at the time by the ancient Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Thirteen years earlier, Swift had written a character sketch of her in his *History of the last five years of the Queen* stating that she was "a woman of unbounded avarice, infinite pride, and ungovernable rage; affecting the character of wit, though supporting it chiefly by the fashionable humour of ridiculing the doctrines of Christianity and religion in general."² Thus, her statement is significant, considering that she forgave his attacks upon her in favor of his assault upon human nature. The Duchess declared that he gave "the most accurate account of king, ministers, bishops and courts of justice, that is possible to be writ."³ Swift was always quick to discover the sin of pride in others, though he was less quick to explore it in himself.

Hawkesworth's comment on the *Travels* is particularly noteworthy:

To mortify pride, which, indeed, was not made for man, and produces not only the most ridiculous follies, but the most extensive calamity, appears to have been one general view of the author in every part of these *Travels*. Personal strength and beauty, the wisdom and virtue of mankind, become objects, not of pride, but of humility, in the diminutive stature and contemptible weakness of the Lilliputians, in the horrid deformity of the Brobdingnagians, in the learned

¹ Bernard Acworth, *Swift*, London: Eyre & Spottiswoode 1947), p. 182.

² *Ibid.*, p. 182.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 182.

folly of the Laputians, and in the parallel drawn between our manners and those of the Houyhnhnms.⁴

Swift's own statements of what inspired his *Travels* seem likely to be the true ones. In a letter to Pope, he wrote: "The chief end I propose is to vex the world rather than to divert it." He also added a number of revealing preassumptions. "I have ever hated all nations, professions and communities, and all my love is toward individuals. . . . Principally I hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas and so forth. . . . I have got materials toward a treatise, proving the falsity of that definition "animal rationale," and to show it would only be *rationalis capax*."⁵

The *Travels* illustrate Swift's hatred of man in the group, while his love of individuals is portrayed by the benevolent Portuguese captain. Swift achieved his purpose, in that he wanted to "vex the world," but *Gulliver's Travels* is thought of as a book of diversion by a great many of its readers.

In searching Swift's writings, not a line is at variance with the terrible truth about Humanity that the Old Testament Prophets had already proclaimed, sometimes in the very words that Swift borrows without acknowledgment of their source.

A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land;
The prophets (politicians) prophesy falsely, and the priests
(the bishops) bear rule by their means; and My people love to
have it so: and what will ye do in the end thereof?

Jeremiah V, 30,31.

Thus, by taking the name Lemuel for his hero's first name, Swift discloses, perhaps intentionally, the source from which he originally derived his extremely low opinion of unregenerate mankind.⁶

It is customary to call the book a satire though it would be more illuminating to call it a politico-sociological treatise, much of which is in the medium of satire. Only accidentally is it a book of travels. It is not difficult to see why Swift wrote the work in the form of a travel book. In a sense, its two most famous predecessors, the *Utopia* and the *New Atlantis*, were also travel books. The emphasis by Swift on the element of travel description may be accounted for by his interest in this sort of literature, and by his desire to burlesque certain features of it.

The theories of politics and society which prompted Swift to write *Gulliver's Travels* were those which, with few changes, he held all his life. They are expressed in his first political pamphlet, *A Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions Between the Nobles and the Commons in Athens and Rome*, published in 1701.

The basis of Swift's political theory was contained in the principles of the old Whigs. Authority was held to reside in the whole of the political body, though the administrative power, for practical reasons,

⁴ Acworth, *op. cit.*, p. 183.

⁵ Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*, Edited by John Ross, New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948), p. xiii.

⁶ Acworth, *op. cit.*, p. 184.

had to be delegated to a small number of persons; perhaps, under certain circumstances, to one. The three estates of the realm—king, nobles and commons—were of equal importance to the state, the king being charged with keeping the balance between the others. This form of government was frequently called the "gothic." It was assumed to be the natural government of the old English, and deviations from it were held to be corruptions. These deviations were attempts by one of the estates to seize more power: if these attempts were successful, disturbances would result and it was the duty of intelligent men to restore it whenever it was destroyed.⁷

The position of the church in such a state was of great importance to Swift. He believed firmly the propriety of its establishment as the state religion in England and Ireland. But he did not hold that those who believed otherwise should be prevented from worshipping as they wished; he held that the church or its members should not rebel against the constituted authority of the temporal government within the scope of its operations. His position was that of a reasonable Englishman who never found himself far out of agreement with the less extreme members of either party.

It may seem strange that Swift, if he wrote the *Travels* as a treatise on political theory, should have paid so little attention to ecclesiastical affairs. He probably had no intention of including in his satire anything which gave his enemies renewed grounds for accusing him of blasphemy, as they had done ever since the publication of *A Tale of a Tub*. The introduction of religion into the *Travels* would have complicated an already complex design and would have focused more attention upon specific questions than Swift would have wished in a book which he meant to apply to the world at large.

Each of the four voyages approaches the problems presented by the politico-sociological nature of the *Travels* in a different way. The first and third voyages are chiefly attacks upon the evils of bad government. This accounts for both the dominant satiric tone of the voyages to Lilliput and Laputa. Over this fundamental design is superimposed another. The first two voyages are carefully contrasted: the first, or negative one depicts a typical European government which has become more corrupt than the average, while the second, or positive one portrays a government better than the average. In neither case does Swift proceed to extremes: he seems to be trying to show the range within which, humanity being what it is, actual governments may be expected to move. Lilliput has some good features, Brobdingnag some bad. The reader gets the impression that while Swift the realist would grudgingly accept Brobdingnag, Swift the idealist would not be contented with it. To reinforce the relationship between the voyages Swift not only employed the contrasting devices of pigmies and giants, but even constructed the two voyages on the same pattern. In each case Gulliver gives the name of the ship in which he embarks, the name of the master, and the details of the voyage and of the manner in which he arrives in an unknown

⁷ Arthur Case. *Essays on "Gulliver's Travels,"* Princeton: Princeton University Press 1945), p. 108.

land. In each case he falls first into the hands of common inhabitants of the country, who turn him over to persons of higher position. Then follow details of his temporary discomforts in the hands of these people, including incidents which burlesque the habits of travel writers who assume that the most trivial occurrences in which they have been involved must be of interest to their readers. Next comes the manner of Gulliver's introduction to the court, with descriptions of the ruler, his wife, the capital city of the kingdom, and one or more of the most striking buildings. About three-quarters of the way through each voyage comes a chapter devoted to discussing unusual customs of the country. Near the end of the voyage Gulliver leaves the capital and manages, in the last chapter to escape and to be picked up by a vessel which carries him back to England and reunion with his family.

If the design of the *Travels* were absolutely symmetrical, one might expect to find a connection between the last two voyages corresponding to that between the first two. This however, is not the case, having shown bad and good government as they actually exist, Swift wished also to show ideally good government as he conceived it. Instead of presenting a contrasting ideally bad state in a separate voyage, he combined the two extremes into a single voyage. The third voyage is not a repetition of the first voyage, but a complement to it. All his life Swift blamed the misfortunes of mankind upon two causes, vice and folly, both of which were contrary to right reason, and either of which could destroy a state. In the first voyage he had emphasized the former cause: in the third voyage he concentrated upon the latter.

It is important to keep in mind the main purpose of this third voyage, which has been judged to be the least of the four. Superficially the voyage seems to be divided into four sections, recounting the adventures in Laputa, in Balnibarbi, in Glubbudrib, and in Luggnagg. The first two sections are regarded as attacks upon science, the third as a criticism of history and the fourth as a personal expression of Swift's fear of old age. The main purpose of the book is an attack upon folly in government. This whole section is one more rebuke to human folly which, giving itself over to wishful thinking, conjures up imaginary and impossible ways of dealing with the ills of society, instead of recognizing the nature of mankind as it is and approaching human problems from a practical point of view.

Gulliver is a character distinct from his creator. His birth, training, and early activities are carefully calculated to make him the perfect observer of and commentator upon the civilizations with which he comes in contact. He is temperamentally the typical English traveler of modern fiction, with an amused and superior toleration for the customs of foreign countries, tempered occasionally with a half surprised admission that something might be said in favor of a few of these odd ways. Gulliver's experiences in Lilliput make no perceptible impression on his attitude.

The voyage to Brobdingnag brings about the first change in

Gulliver's general complacency over European civilization. It is in the famous sixth chapter that one finds Gulliver really on the defensive for the first time. The grand climax of this chapter is the judgment of the King in response to Gulliver's long and careful account of Europe and its inhabitants.

As for yourself (continued the King) who have spent the greatest part of your Life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many Vices of your country. But, by what I gathered from your own Relation, and the Answers I have with much Pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the Bulk of your Natives, to be the most pernicious Race of little odious Vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the Surface of the Earth.⁸

The deepening of Gulliver's character, which is continuous throughout the entire *Travels*, is evident in his dawning consciousness that Europe may not be quite the picture of perfection he has always assumed it to be: it is not surprising that while he is anxious to escape from Brobdingnag, he is not overly enthusiastic about his return to England.

In the third voyage Gulliver's emotions may be described as at dead center. He appears to be cured of any extravagant admiration of European society. He has now become the detached and half cynical commentator on human life from without. In this voyage, alone, he is an observer and not an actor. This is appropriate to the development of his character, although it weakens the interest of the narrative and is one of the reasons for the relative ineffectiveness of the voyage.

In the fourth voyage, the changing attitude of Gulliver toward the Yahoos and the Houyhnhnms is of the first importance in determining the significance of the whole voyage, indeed of the entire *Travels*. At the opening of the voyage Gulliver is a representative European, somewhat better than most of his class, but by no means a paragon. He is a man who has adjusted himself to the vices and follies of humanity. In this state he does not recognize that the Yahoos have any likeness to man; to him, they are to be thought of as "ugly Monsters." It is not until the Houyhnhnms place him beside a Yahoo for purposes of comparison, that he sees any resemblance between himself and those "abominable Animals."

Gradually, Gulliver falls into the habit of referring to Europeans as Yahoos, partly for convenience and partly because, as the perfection of the Houyhnhnms is born in upon him, he becomes aware of the discrepancy between the ideal and the actual man.

The ultimate state of mind produced in Gulliver, by this gradual process of education through contact with a superior race, is expressly stated in the tenth chapter.

At first, indeed, I did not feel that natural Awe which the Yahoos and all other Animals bear towards them; but it grew upon me by Degrees, much sooner than I imagined, and was

⁸ Jonathan Swift, *op. cit.*, p. 122.

mingled with a respectful Love and Gratitude, that they would condescend to distinguish me from the rest of my Species.⁹

The attitude of the Houyhnhnms toward Gulliver is of particular interest. From the first they distinguish him from the Yahoos of the island. This partly because of his clothes, but also because of his behavior. The placing of Gulliver midway between the Houyhnhnms and the Yahoos, by a creature possessing absolute accuracy of judgment, is extremely significant. When the master dismisses Gulliver with regret from his society, the idea is presented that a somewhat above average Englishman is not altogether unacceptable company for a perfect being.

The natural result of Gulliver's experiences among the, Houyhnhnms, and of his mental development, is to be found in the last two chapters of the *Travels* and in the *Letter to Sympson*. Evidently Swift was concerned with the difficulty of readjusting oneself to ordinary existence after a exposure to extraordinary conditions. At the end of the second voyage, Gulliver has a difficult time accustoming himself to the size of ordinary Englishmen after living with the pygmies.

In the same way, but dealing with a far more significant matter—readjustment to mental and spiritual, rather than physical conditions—Swift shows his conception of the effects which would be produced in the mind of an intelligent man who spent a long period in the company of creatures who were perfect in every way. Gulliver, controlled by the exalted conception of virtue he has acquired from living with Houyhnhnms, and by his now fixed belief in the worthlessness of all Yahoos, with whom he has come to group the human race, is unable to perceive even the most extraordinary goodness when it manifests itself in one of the hated species. However, in retrospect he is able to appreciate the virtues of Captain Mendez. Gulliver, after five years, also becomes accustomed to his family. The *Letter to Sympson* is a flare up of idealism and it is also Swift's attempt to write a second climax to his book.

In the summer of 1727 the Abbé des Fontaines, who had translated the *Travels* into French, wrote to Swift apologizing for the omission of some passages not suitable for France. Swift replied,

If the volumes of Gulliver were designed only for the British Isles, that traveler ought to pass for a very contemptible writer. The same vices and the same follies reign everywhere; at least in the civilized countries of Europe: and the author who writes only for one city, one province, one kingdom, or even one age, does not deserve to be read, let alone translated.¹⁰

The passage just quoted emphasizes that Swift conceived himself as a positive moral and social reformer. From his earliest to his latest writings, there is evidence of his conviction that he knew not

⁹ Case, *op. cit.*, p. 118.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 123.

only what was wrong with the world, but also the means by which the world could be brought nearer to perfection.¹¹

He lived in an age which believed that the world tended to decline. The Houyhnhnms and the Yahoos represent the extremes between which human behavior may range. Swift did not expect humanity to achieve the height or sink to the depth but he did feel that man's tendency was downward, and that strenuous efforts were needed if the trend was to be reversed. Occasionally, as at the conclusion of the *Letter to Sympson*, his missionary zeal expressed itself in a jeremiad:

I must freely confess, that since my Return, some Corruptions of my Yahoo Nature have revived in me by conversing with a few of your Species, and particularly those of mine own Family, by an unavoidable Necessity; else I should never have attempted so absurd a Prospect as that of reforming the Yahoo Race in this Kingdom; but I have now done with all such visionary Schemes forever.¹²

What drove Swift to his occasional outbursts of fury was the consciousness of his own helplessness. One has only to read his biography to understand his feeling of frustration. It is hardly to be wondered at that he sometimes allowed himself the relief of savage invective.

It is this savage invective that is responsible for the common belief that Swift was a misanthrope. Swift himself lent some color to this legend by his own statement in the letter to Pope already quoted.

The words of this letter show that Swift's "misanthropy" was something far different from the usual meaning of the word. The actions of men in the mass infuriated Swift by their folly and criminality. But for individuals he had boundless affection. If his letter had not made clear his real attitude toward mankind, his whole biography would have done so. "Conscience compelled him, as a self-appointed father to the world, to chasten his children, but he wanted their love as well as their obedience." And sometimes this craving for understanding and affection found expression—never more clearly than in the *Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift*, written some five years after *Gulliver's Travels* had fixed in the minds of many contemporaries, the fiction of Swift, "the enemy of mankind." "It is an appeal that from a lesser man would have been pathetic: coming from a genius of the magnitude of Swift it lays bare a tragedy."¹³

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¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 123.

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 124.

¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 126.

The Cellophane Age

By Bruna Bernasconi

"And God saw that it was good."

Had there been a lesser God around, one wonders, might he not have disagreed? He might have felt that the land was too thirsty and the sea too hungry; he might have questioned the justice of giving wings to the birds and pricks to the porcupine; he might have been revolted by the cruel economics that bids the big fish eat the small fish, who ate the smaller fish, who ate the seaweed. And Adam, poor Adam in his garden, probably was a little confused too. Perhaps his longing for the forbidden fruit of God-like knowledge was whetted by the desire to understand the apparent conflicts, the paradoxes and mysteries of nature. Likewise, men of the Twentieth Century, inhabitants of that man-made garden which we call a technocratic society, or the "cellophane age," cannot make up their minds, whether it is good or whether it is bad.

There are, or at least, there were those who endowed "Progress" with an almost divine power of creating a new and happy world, a veritable earthly paradise. It only takes a good look around to convince us of the futility of this dream. More often, however, we hear of a Voegelin, who, in his "New Science of Politics," goes so far as to assert that "the death of the spirit is the price of progress;" or of Rev. Gerald Vann, who, in examining "Our Cellophane Age" in *Today* magazine observes with alarm that "the trend of life today is toward death rather than life, toward a deeper and deeper degradation and impoverishment." Life in the city and the factory is thought to imply a drastic departure from the natural state and from traditions and symbols that are indispensable to human happiness.

Here is where we might stop to question whether scientific and technological advance is necessarily a step away from nature—For instance, why should electric light be considered less natural or less symbolic than a torch or a lighted candle? An electric globe is fumeless, is odorless, it does not consume itself—and it is light-some. What is more natural, more of the essence of light but that it should be lightsome? This is a fitting symbol of the "true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world." Luminous energy, sound waves, and radioactive isotopes are even more elemental than fire and water and the song of the wind; it should follow that radio, radar, and other instruments, far from alienating man from nature, give him deeper insights, new avenues of access; it should follow also that bombarding a tumor with X-rays is a more natural therapy than the amputation of an affected limb.

It is true that our peas and chicken come wrapped in cellophane rather than in their own pods or feathers; to some people, in some regions of the world, too little of these come, and too seldom, in any

kind of wrapping. If it be tragic that some children never see milk except that sold in bottles, what can be said of those children and their parents who, although they milk their cows daily before dawn, cannot afford to drink that milk? Economic and demographic factors in our age are such that only industrialized societies seem capable of providing minimum living standards for their members.

Industrialization has meant assembly lines, crowded cities, slums, air pollution, and certain ideals of an equality that look like universal mediocrity. It has also brought in its wake better health and material standards of living, popular education, democracy, labor unions, and the advance of science. Who can say that the new order is worse than any other? Plato's philosopher-king with his retinue of pedigreed aristocrats lived on a platform five feet above the ground, borne on the shoulders of herds of long suffering slaves and serfs. So did Rome's urbane senators. So did the mediaeval nobles and bishops. So did, not too long ago, the British colonists in Asia and the American landed gentry.

The mechanization that has lifted the yoke from mankind has also tended to transform man the artisan, man the builder, man the tiller of the soil, into a nameless factory hand, or office helper, or unskilled laborer. It cannot be said, however, that this is an unmitigated evil. No mean compensation has been the reduction in working hours achieved within the last seventy-five years or so. As Rev. Richard M. Mckee reported in *Social Order* for September, 1954, the common workday in factories in 1880, began at 5 a.m. and closed at 7 p.m., six days a week; in 1938 the 40-hour week was almost universally accepted in America; now we talk of a 35 and 30-hour week. And the indications are strong that a large portion of the common man's increased leisure time and wealth is being devoted to intellectual pursuits, creative and useful hobbies, and other forms of individual self-expression and recreation.

That many people do not explore or realize all the possibilities for a full and happy life, that many lose by the way their hopes and ideals, and even the awareness of their human dignity does not necessarily mean that progress is inherently evil or in any way opposed to the good of humanity. Every generation, every individual must strive to reach his own *modus vivendi*, his own understanding of the purpose of life and of the means of fulfilling it. It is idle to speak of "reconstructing," "restoring," or "returning." Did a society ever exist wherein all men and women could and did achieve the full measure of their own physical and spiritual growth and perfect justice and harmony in their relations with one another? I emphasize, *all* men and women because, as Heinrich Pestalozzi said, "The stature of a serf is likewise that of humankind." If the archetype were found, there would remain the problem of applying it to ever-changing circumstances.

Change is always with us: we are just getting used to the cold, and it is summer again. The Mediaeval world settled down to a routine, and, in a little while it seems to be in the throes of reformation and rebirth; Mother has begun to fathom the mysteries of

adolescent psychology; too late, because Mary has grown up and wants to marry; the Twentieth Century man learns to cope with specialization and unemployment, and the fly with DDT; enter the robot and a new insecticide; a new start begins all over again. Surely the wisdom of the past can be very valuable to the present, but too often it is allowed to shackle the imagination and becloud the vision. Nothing but antagonism is engendered by the attitude of those who would preface their every pronouncement and counsel by a shaking of the head and a deprecating "nowadays . . ." "The family nowadays . . ." "The superficiality of life today . . ." and so forth—this a split between common sense and nostalgia. Many would have democratic government but would keep the university as a haven for the glib of tongue and the dilettante of learning, for the bookworm and the eccentric; for the rare genius. They would have central heating to keep warm, but they also want a fireplace and candelabra on the dinner table for "atmosphere."

Why not try, instead, to discover the poetry and the symbolism of the things we use and appreciate most, in our daily living, as men always have? For instance the car—the family car brings daddy home in the evening; in the car mother and father and children go off on Sundays, away from the grey cities, out to look at the face of America the beautiful; the car is the princely palace whose gates Junior proudly throws open to the dream girl of his first date. Then, there is the plane for the adventurous—the plane that takes him into the outer world, over the mountains, over the seas, past the crawling freeways and high above the smogline, untrammelled by time or space, like the angels of God or the witches of legend.

Fortunately, we do not lack leaders who take a constructive attitude toward the world. After all, it is the only world we have, and an army of reformers would not succeed in making it over within our lifetime, if ever. As Joseph McMahan said recently in *Commonweal*, "we do not live in times in which the Christians can withdraw into contemplation of particular periods—no matter how golden." The zeal and vision of every idealistic Christian would be better exercised in a diligent effort to baptize the nascent institutions and to penetrate them with the salt of the Gospel. This is the example set for us by the Holy Father. The most cursory reading of his numerous messages and letters will make this evident. Many things have been said for and against radio and television, for instance. Pius XII speaking to a Chilean audience called their new radio station a weapon of truth and a spiritual bod among all the people of Chile; in the European Television Network inaugurated last year he saw a symbol and a promise, an international messenger that would vanquish many prejudices and fell many barriers.

The dreamer, the adventurer, the crusader are no strangers to our modern world. Thus spoke the Pope to a convention of scientists; "The scholar, in trying to know the inexhaustible riches of physical and living nature, does not serve an idol. He discloses every day a bit more of the treasures placed by the Creator in his handwork. He is like one who discovers new lands for the glory of his Lord."

A Visit

By Theresa Hatsumi

An Alumna

It was an early spring day. When we started on our trip, the tranquil world was still blinking from its morning sleep. Haze hung upon the distant mountains, and the rice fields drowsed on, well protected among the green hills. The larks were offering their morning hymns somewhere in the deep blue above. Peace and tranquillity reigned the world while our car sped through silent towns, their deserted streets, and out into the fields again.

We were three—Fr. Felsecker, Miss Rhoads and I, three people from environments vastly different. One a Catholic priest, another a Quaker missionary, then myself, their interpreter. And yet for years we had been working together, with one aim—charity. So we understood each other, while we talked on of different things. But as the hours went by, upon a road that seemed endless, our conversation lagged, became spasmodic, and then died down. The day became warmer, and the trees stood transfixed in the enveloping sun, their heads hung in languidness. The road became narrow, dusty, and uneven. On both sides stretched patches of green land . . . with cows grazing peacefully, chickens picking their way to neighbors' yards . . . and the children startled from their mud-pies and stone castles.

It was about noon when we reached the small village at the foot of Mount Fuji, a peaceful refuge away from the rest of the world. Sky melting into the distant horizon, the snow-covered peak of our sacred mountain towered proudly in the immense distance. Well cultivated fields, cool streams rushing away into unknown groves, woods clustering in sombre green dignity, birds soaring in the high sky—Oh, it was so beautiful . . . and quiet.

At last the road wound its way gracefully through the low shrubs and stopped in front of a large gray building. A figure clad in white came hurrying out to greet us, full of smiles and hospitality. "Eh bien, mon Pere. Enfin vous etes ici. Mon Dieu, vous etes tout couvents de poussiere . . . et si fatigués. Et peut-etre mourrants de faim. Venez. . . ."

No use protesting. . . . They had everything ready. "Oh, non, Soeur Marie est une bonne cuisiniere. Il faut vous payer vos respect. . . ."

After an excellent dinner, and delivering our carload of medicine, we started on our tour through the small village: Rows of rambling old buildings, patients leaning out of windows, staring at us with blank, uninterested eyes, young men ambling along the corridor, with sticks to support their uneven steps. Young girls sewing in their room, chattering away quietly, discreetly, glancing up at us shyly as we passed by. Some of their faces already showed signs of that horrible disease—swollen, lustrous skin, devoid of lashes

and brows, thick lips, and spots on their arms. Here, away from the outside world, they were protected from its scorn, misunderstanding and coldness. But were they content? . . . I wondered, in exile for the rest of their lives?

At the entrance to the main building we stopped to say hello. A little boy was intent upon a small wooden box. "He got a bunny for Easter. It's the nest he's making," the sister explained. He too had fallen victim . . . I could see. His face was swollen, and his fingers deformed. And while he pursued his innocent work, a snow white bunny skipped around in the green grass . . . so pure, so immaculately white.

A little girl came running out from the entrance, and seeing us, put her finger in her mouth, and turned around, ready to run away. We called her back, and gave her a chocolate bar. She was about ten, slender and small, with thin, sensitive face, and a bewildered, half frightened look in her large dark eyes. "She came here five months ago," said Sister Dolores. Five months . . . five months . . . and how many years is she going to stay? . . . Oh our merciful Father! And feeling her soft smooth hair under my hand, a sudden sense of powerlessness and bewilderment came over me, too.

"This is the ward for serious cases," we were told as we turned the last corner. We were nearing the tour now. A large, well lighted room, with a row of beds on each side. A young girl smiled at us from one of them. "How do you do?" I went and stood beside her. She looked at me with a mild curiosity. "I am from LARA." I explained. "We brought some medicine from America." "Oh." She smiled again, and nodded. It was a happy, radiant smile, and she with her distorted face, looked almost beautiful.

"Come on, we are getting late." Miss Rhoads called. She was standing at the foot of the last bed. I went up, glanced through the white curtain that shielded it from the rest of the room, and covered my face. Someone was lying there, still and quiet. A face half covered with bandages, and the rest nothing but a dark gaping hole. With great difficulty he was breathing from his throat. "He can't hear anymore. The doctor thinks he may not last till tomorrow." Something must have told him we were there. A harsh, whistling sound came from the open throat. "Thank you," it was saying. "Thank you, I am very happy." Then he was silent again. I couldn't bear it any longer. I turned around and came away, feeling dizzy.

Out in the green open we breathed deep again. The sun was high up in the sky. The mountain stood dreamily in the golden haze. Streams sang on, cheerily, impersonally, and the trees shivered in the breeze. Peace and tranquillity . . . and yet, so much misery surrounded by so much beauty. . . .

A couple of farmers ploughing the field stretched their backs to see us go by. Father gave them each a cigarette, and a light. They looked impassive . . . devoid of any feeling. But when I glanced back as we piled into the car again, they were still looking towards us, leaning upon their hoes.

We took a different road back, through rich resort towns among

the mountains. The sun was gliding down towards the horizon. The lake was rippling golden in the last ray of sunshine. The air was getting cool, and the mist was creeping into the purple valleys. Sunset and evening. Rest . . . and eternal peace. . . .

PREPARATION

*Evening etches
On a clean summer sky
The line of hills
Crouched and waiting.
Eucalyptus trees move
With a sleepy taffeta-rustle
Of rain-cool leaves.
Down the ravine tumbles
The laughter of a bird.
Night smiles
As she pins the moon-flower
In her hair.*

VIRGIN OF PROPHECY

By Carol Ann Krommer

*She was Eve, mother of humanity:
Eve, fleeing a vengeful sword, and
Eve, with the body of her dead Son.*

*She was Ruth, yet of David:
Ruth, gleaning the Wheat of Bethlehem:
Ruth, always following, full of love.*

*She was Esther, beloved of a cousin:
Esther, pleading the cause of her people;
Esther, destroying a deceiver.*

*She was Judith, blessed of the Jews:
Judith, conquering through beauty;
Judith, crushing a serpent's head.*

*She is Mary, virgin of prophecy:
Mary, bearing God's Son in her womb;
Mary, leading His people to Love.*

